

## IS YOUR CATARRH REMEDY CURING YOU

If You Are Unconsciously Using  
An Alcoholic Liquid Remedy  
Stop At Once.

People soon learn that the true test of a catarrh remedy is whether it cures to stay cured. Have you ever inquired why a liquid catarrh remedy makes you feel better for a time? It is because the alcohol in the liquid remedy makes the mucous membranes drunk. It deprives them of sensation, it inspires false hopes and always leads to alcoholic decay. A permanent cure by any liquid catarrh remedy is simply impossible. The alcohol used in liquid preparations makes it almost a travesty to call them remedies. They induce the worst forms of catarrh, trouble rather than cure such troubles. Can a physician be found who will truthfully say that any liquid catarrh remedy is worthy of use? Every physician knows that it is an absurdity for anyone to claim that catarrh, dyspepsia or any form of blood disease can be cured by a so-called liquid catarrh cure. In this connection it is wise to consider carefully the best means for relief. Smith's Triple Cure, that grand old remedy, consisting of four separate preparations, three of which are in tablet form, and used internally and another in the form of a catarrh cream, contains no alcohol and never leads to false hopes. It makes you feel better the first day, and each day following is but a repetition of the first day's experience. It restores the mucous membranes in every part of the body. It positively cures catarrh, dyspepsia and all blood diseases. If you have long been a slave to a liquid catarrh remedy, break away from the habit. Use Smith's Triple Cure, and health, abundant, full and complete, will be yours. Four separate preparations, lasting a full two weeks for 50 cents, the greatest value for the money ever offered. If your druggist won't supply you, send us 25 two-cent stamps by mail today and we will send it, postpaid and guarantee safe delivery. Address W. F. Smith Co., 125 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

### FEW IN THE MILLS.

Gains Reported, But They Are Insignificant.

Fall River, Nov. 15.—The manufacturers made a second attempt today to break the great textile strike, but without success. Several of the mills are running their engines and some small portions of their machinery, but, as a rule, the attempt is so slight that the strikers are paying no attention whatever to it, and assert that in the whole city there are not 100 operatives at work, outside of second hands, overseers and other day help.

The manufacturers claim to have scored certain gains all along the line, but careful inquiry in such places as information can be gleaned shows that this assertion should be taken with a grain of salt.

### Tibet's Priests.

Tibet's 6,000,000 people have to support an army of 430,000 priests, who produce nothing but beautifully illuminated copies of the sacred writings. They hold all the public offices.

### NO EFFORT TO LIFT CUP.

Sir Thomas Lipton Will Not Challenge for Next Year.

Sir Thomas Lipton will not try to lift the America's cup next year. He had expected to get George L. Watson to design the new challenger for him, but Mr. Watson died Saturday. Sir Thomas has written to a friend in New York saying that it is too late now to arrange a race for next year and he has plenty of time to perfect his plans for another contest in 1906. He does not know at present who will design the boat or under what rule he will ask for a race.

It is probable that he will have a boat built this winter from plans by Alfred Mylne, a young English designer, and race in British waters next season. Then he will be able to see what Mylne can do, and if the boat is a success then Mylne will build the next challenger.

The death of Mr. Watson also upset the plans of Kenueth Clark, who had intended to challenge with a Watson boat if Sir Thomas decided to step one side for a time.

Sir Thomas tried to get Mr. Watson to superintend the next challenger for some time, and had even obtained King Edward's influence on his behalf, but Mr. Watson had been in such ill-health for so long a time that he had decided even if he got well again he would never design another challenger for the cup.

### REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Nelson Parker's Life Was Despaired of but He Will Get Well.

Chittenden, Nov. 15.—Nelson Parker, age 71 years, who has been town clerk of Chittenden for 30 years, is making a remarkable recovery from blood poisoning. A few days ago Mr. Parker opened with a pocket-knife a small fester on one of his thumbs. The slight wound became very sore and the inflammation spread to the entire hand. Little attention was given to home remedies, until the arm swelled to nearly twice its natural size and the man became very ill. A Rutland physician was then called, but he had little hope of saving the man's life, so advanced a stage had the blood poisoning reached.

Mr. Parker is now much better and unless complications set in he will get well.

### FIRE IN A SNOW STORM.

St. John Suffers \$7000 Blaze While Out Off from Work.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 14.—(Delayed.) A heavy snow storm, accompanied by a high gale, prevailed here today. During the storm fire broke out in a group of wooden buildings in the rear of the People's Mission. The mission, Hogan's livery stable, S. A. Fowler's stables and two other buildings were destroyed. Three horses were burned to death. The loss is about \$7000. Much valuable property was in great danger for a time, but aided by the snow on buildings, the firemen were able to stop the fire.

## THE PLIGHT OF RUSSIA

Lethargic State Described by  
John Foster Carr.

### IGNORANCE CAUSES MISERY

Three-Fourths of the Children Never Go to School—Sad Lot of these Peasants Who Constitute Nine-Tenths of Russia.

Russia's lethargy and its causes, as well as its organized system of graft, are thus described in part by John Foster Carr in the World's Work for November:

Fear of Russia has hung over the world for more than a quarter of a century, but today, after a nine months' war with Japan, its dreaded power has become almost a laughing-stock. War is the tonic that skilled statesmen prescribe for weak and troubled states, but neither hope of conquest nor the blow of humiliating defeat has given energy to Russia. There are signs neither of a coming popular revolution nor of national integration. Like the giant in the fable who was buried under a mountain, it lies and feebly writhes.

And, like a giant, Russia has great size joined with great weakness. Some of the causes of its lethargy are incurable. Others are due to a backward civilization. The czar rules over nearly one-sixth of the total land surface of the globe. His empire is the largest continuous national territory in the world and is more than twice the size of all our possessions. The 25,000 miles of the equator would hardly go halfway around his frontiers. But where we have 100,000 miles of railroads, not counting double tracks, that land of magnificent distances has only 33,000, and they are so poorly built and operated that the Russian rides like the wind when he makes a speed of thirteen miles an hour. Many roads are mere military routes and not highways of commerce. No economic facts determined their path, and frequently the only merchandise they transport is the grain they carry to the supply of troops from a famine stricken province. The wagon roads are poorly made and are often impassable except when frozen solid. The rivers during the summer are the chief routes of travel and trade, but there is no adequate system of canals. The postoffice handles one piece of mail for fifteen that pass through our own. For every two miles of telegraph in Russia we have five, and for each mile of her telephone wires we have fifty-three.

Russian industry tells the same story. For each inhabitant Russia invests in industrial enterprise \$1; the United States, \$125. Our factories outnumber hers twenty-three to one. The value of her cotton spinners is but two-thirds of ours. She manufactures somewhat more than half as much tobacco, and only in sugar does she surpass us. Mineral wealth abounds, yet Russia does not mine enough of the precious metals to pay the expenses of her travelers abroad. Her pig iron equals only one-sixth of ours, and one-twentieth of our coal output would carry her entire output.

And yet Russia has 130,000,000 inhabitants. More than nine-tenths of them are peasants engaged in agriculture. They live in little villages, often miles away from the fields they till, and their poverty is chronic. Thirty per cent of all the babies die before they complete their first year, and more than half of them are starved to death. Bred of filth and starvation, endemic typhus rages in whole districts.

Ignorance leads misery by the hand. Three-fourths of the children never see the inside of a schoolroom. Of those who go to school few are taught more than their alphabet, the catechism and the elements of arithmetic. In Russia proper ninety-four people of every hundred cannot write their names or spell out easy words. Technical education is even more neglected, and for every 11,000 people there is but a single physician. The upper class and, to a limited extent, the middle class are mentally alert, but the national mind is dull and slow of development.

The condition of the peasant has not been much bettered by the abolition of serfdom. Not the individual, but the village (mir), holds the land. Each

year it re-allots the images, and no man knows in September where he will plow in March. No one fertilizes the ground he tills, and rotation of crops is impossible. The peasant, therefore, has gained little in gaining the thing named "freedom." Land he cannot sell, for he owns none, nor buy, for there is none for sale. He cannot move from village to village. The old mir would refuse to let him go, and in the new he would have no share. He does not improve his one year's holding, for it goes the next to another villager. In consequence the land, naturally rich, has grown so poor that it will not support him. Half the year he tills the poor soil; the other half he seeks work in the factories of the cities. He seems eternally bound to the increasing horrors of starvation. For ten years there has not been a time when famine was not ravaging some province of the empire.

Sad as the peasant's lot is, it is made unutterably worse by the government. The best of the peasantry is drafted off to the army. The less able-bodied who are left bear the greater part of the enormous financial burdens of the empire. Taxes have increased by leaps and bounds until they have more than doubled in fifteen years. The state now lays hands on perhaps one-quarter of the peasant's income. Meat he seldom tastes. Even cabbage he cannot afford. His practically unchanging diet consists of black bread and the cheap tea that is molded into bricks.

As a man the peasant is dull, brutish, non-resistant to the point of martyrdom. He cannot distinguish between mine and thine. His ignorance passes definition.

The peasant is good natured and gentle, but his gentleness has an odd mixture of unconscious ferocity. In a recent during the Crimean war a wounded soldier was dragging himself along in great pain. His comrades in deep sympathy said: "You are suffering too much. Let us want us to end your pain. Shall we bury you?" "I wish you would," he answered. They set to work and dug a grave. He hid himself down and was buried alive. The general, who heard of it afterward, said to the soldiers, "He must have suffered terribly." They answered, "Oh, no; we stamped the earth down hard with our feet." These are extreme instances, but they mark a depth of ignorance and insensibility impossible to find in any other civilized country.

Such is the Russian peasant, a strange blending of Scythian and Mongol. Such is his condition, his life, his hope, and such the hope of his son's son. And the Russian peasant is nine-tenths of Russia. What of the rest?

Greater Russia, its land and its people exist solely for the profit of the other tenth. It consists of three classes—landowners, merchants, the only powerful nonofficial class, and the bureaucrats, who are usually spoken of as the aristocrats, for a landless noble amounts to so little that a prince may be a day laborer. The czar himself has only a slight trace of Russian blood in his veins, and his aristocracy is like him. Many of these bureaucrats are foreigners.

The bureaucracy and the merchants in collusion have built up a perfectly organized system of graft. It is openly recognized, treated with tolerance, even thought of with respect. There is no parallel to the rapacity of these privileged and high placed thieves. Not only do admirals buying coal for foreign ports procure receipts for much larger sums than they have paid, pocketing the difference and dividing it with their under officers, but no contract is let at home which does not allow a liberal margin for a rake-off. In this way Russia has paid for her railroads two and a half times the amount which the minister of finance estimates as their value, and by American standards his estimate is 50 per cent higher than the necessary cost. It is said that fully 75 per cent of the large Red Cross fund which was subscribed at home and abroad has been stolen. The magnificent equipped hospital train which the czarina sent to the east was looted between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Not a thing of value was left in it.

Nowhere else has bureaucracy proved such an enormous burden to the state. Department after department has been created, and before the end of the year another will be added to the long list. Block after block of useless great office buildings has been erected. It is seriously asserted that there are as many clerks on the payroll of the office for dog licenses as there are dogs in St. Petersburg.

This shameless system of wholesale thievery is supported by the terrible power of the autocracy. Its chief instrument is the police, which is a national force with its own minister, the minister of the interior. It is in unchallenged control of all the affairs of life.

Drink is the national vice, and the Russian must buy his vodka from a vender in the government employ. What the tax gatherer leaves and what bribes to officials do not eat up the peasant pays into this hopper of the same insatiable machine.

Religion is seized upon as a means of exploitation and control with no more scruple. The tremendous power it yields over an ignorant and superstitious populace is in the hands of the Orthodox Russian church. All officialdom is in communion with it, and its head is the czar—divinely appointed alike to throne and headship—"God's anointed." It is administered by the dreaded procurator of the holy synod, a layman, who is one of the most powerful officers in the empire.

Over landowners, merchants, bureaucrats and the church, preying upon the vitals of the people they should protect, is a company of royal vultures, the grand dukes and the czar.

The grand dual gang, consisting of

three dukes and a brother-in-law of the czar, have unlimited power. They are at the head of the great national system of graft. They and their understrappers sell and barter privileges, steal from the public crib and wreck as they choose the national prosperity. They are all corrupt and so shameless that they are not affected by foreign scandal at their acts. The three grand ducal uncles are the trustees of the fund that has been collected to erect a church as a memorial to Alexander II. Work was begun twenty-two years ago. The money has been subscribed several times over by the nation. Nobody expects that it will be completed in this generation, and yet the embezzling trustees are the sons of the murdered czar.

The first five months of this war have cost Russia nearly \$500,000,000. Trade is stagnating everywhere throughout the empire. The new land of Siberia, developing with remarkable rapidity, is suddenly cut off from its supplies and all communication of commerce because soldiers and munitions of war monopolize its only railroad. The government is spending three times its normal revenue, and, while thievery and honest Japan gets full value for every dollar spent, Russia is pouring her gold into the hands of thieves.

### THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

It Can Carry 35,000 Men and Necessary Stores Every Four Weeks.

It is reported that the Russian military transport authorities estimate the through carrying capacity of the Siberian railway for the next six months at about 35,000 men and the necessary stores every four weeks, says the New York Post. The estimate given by them in the early summer varied from 23,000 to 27,000, and the former rate seems to have been maintained. Thanks to various improvements and to the completion of the Circum-Baikal line, an increase of 40 per cent is now looked for. On that calculation Russia will be able by April 1 next to detain in Manchuria the last contingents of 150,000 men from European Russia or of 200,000 men if the transport of general supplies could be temporarily reduced.

Nothing short of a duplication of the main line from Samara to Harbin is expected to do much toward solving Russia's transport difficulties, as the number of trains dispatched westward with sick and wounded and with empty trucks keeps on increasing as the campaign grows fiercer. In the meantime the railway system in southern Russia has been most seriously disorganized by the war. The bulk of the available locomotives, vans and trucks have been diverted for war traffic, and the daily deliveries of grain at Odessa have been small and irregular at a time when the export trade ought to be at its height.

### Wood Eaters.

A traveler in Siberia has noted that among the natives along the northern coast wood in a certain form is a most common and constant article of diet. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it usually forms part of the evening meal, as many cleanly striped larch logs near every hut testify.

## DISORDERED STOMACHS

CAN BE MADE STRONG  
AND ACTIVE QUICKLY  
AND WHEN

### NO CURE—NO PAY

We take all the chances, but as the chances of failure are so small, we do not hesitate for a moment in guaranteeing that "Seven Bars" will cure any case of disordered stomach, indigestion or liver complaint. Don't take our word for it. If you are ailing from any form of trouble, emanating from the stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys, call at our store and we will give you a full size bottle of "Seven Bars." Deposit 50 cents as an evidence of good faith—then take the remedy as directed. If it does not do all that is claimed or you are for any reason dissatisfied, bring the empty or partly used bottle back and get the 50 cents you deposited. This is certainly fair and is an excellent opportunity for our customers to get acquainted with one of the best remedies in the world.

### Red Cross Pharmacy,

160 North Main St., Barre, Vermont.

### Barbecue in a City House.

One of the newest beauties in the ultra-fashionable set in New York, Mrs. James W. Henning, is making rapid strides in society through the originality of her entertainments. Her latest idea is the barbecue dinner, not an open air affair, as in her beloved Dixie, but one which in every other respect combines the attractive gastronomic features of the sunny south's traditional woodland banquet, says the New York Press. She is to give one soon for Miss Polly Cunningham, daughter of the Boston millionaire, Stanley Cunningham, which is expected to be one of the season's sensations. The kitchen of her handsome town house in New York will be turned into an indoor wildwood, so that all the viands may be cooked in an atmosphere redolent of the balmy pine odor in which the hostess passed her girlhood. Everything will be barbecued, trenches being sunk in great earth beds and covered with pine boughs for the purpose.

### Trial of Strength.

In the parish church at Little Plover, England, is a huge ironbound chest, to which a curious custom was attached years ago. Any spinster of the village who aspired to be a Cheshire yeoman's bride was required to prove her worthiness of the distinction by a sort of trial of strength, which consisted in raising the lid of this ponderous coffer with one hand.

### FIGS AS FOOD.

Figs have been used as food in the Orient from the earliest times and were also believed to be an antidote to poison.

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**NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT**  
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## Fancy Creamery Butter.

The Ice Cream season is over except on orders, but we are still making that Fancy Creamery Butter which pleases so many people. Have you tried it?

**Granite City Creamery,**

Worthen Block, Keith Avenue. L. B. DODGE, Proprietor.

**JESSE WELDEN**  
10¢ CIGAR  
**WITHOUT AN EQUAL**

THIS CIGAR IS UNION MADE.

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### A Lesson In Lovemaking

(Original.)

Frank Vedder and Dudley Wales were sauntering through the woods. It was at that season when the earth has cast off its uniform green and donned its autumn mantle, a patchwork of red and yellow and brown, with their intermodulate shades.

"Dudley," said Vedder, "I wish I had your way with women. There is a girl I want very badly, but though I have sued with all the devotion of the age of chivalry."

"The age of chivalry be hanged!" interrupted Wales.

"What is your substitute?"

"There is no rule for making love. Usually none is needed. Two people of opposite sex meet and drift into it as gently as a bird floats from the branch of a tree."

"But where the man loves and the girl does not? He wishes to win her."

"In that case there is an infinite variety of methods. The game must be played in accordance with the circumstances just as in whist we are confined to the hand we happen to hold."

"Explain."

"I can't explain, but I can illustrate. There by the brookside sits Alma Dwyer. I love her and have been waiting for an opportunity to tell her so. I am going to join her. You make a detour and hide in that clump of bushes on the right where you can hear me."

Vedder made the detour, and, stealing up under the bank of the stream, hid in the bushes. Wales sauntered on till he joined the girl.

"Good morning, Miss Dwyer."

"Good morning, Mr. Wales."

"You seem to be enjoying this beautiful autumn scene. I'm sorry I have not time to stop and enjoy it with you."

"He was passing on when she called to him, 'I was not aware that your time was so precious.'"

"I have not yet read the morning papers."

"Is there any remarkable news?"

"News? Oh, yes. I mean no. The papers are dreadfully dull just now."

"And yet they are preferable to my society."

"I am not in a mood for light chat this morning."

"Indeed, if I remember rightly, the last time we met we spent most of the time discussing the trend of modern scientific development."

"True. Such subjects bore me."

"Well, which of your two statements do you cling to. Am I too light or too heavy for you?"

"When you said word to a visitor that you are not at home do you feel it incumbent upon you to explain either that you are somewhere else or that you haven't time or do not care to see the person waiting?"

"You seem singularly quarrelsome"

this morning. How have I offended you?"

"Offended me? Did I say that?"

"Your words and your manner indicate it."

"Not at all. You women, unless we men are continually tossing you bouquets of soft words, consider that we are offended."

"I presume you would have me think you indifferent-brutal, I should call it."

"There may be an excuse even for brutality."

"Only one—brutality—and even then we are commanded to return good for evil. Come, tell me what I have done to deserve such treatment."

"None? Do you call it a small thing to permit a man to put his name on your card for a dance, then when he claims the dance to find another name in its place?"

"That other was responsible for the change. You should call him to account for it, not me."

"I would not think of calling a man to account because a woman happens to prefer him to me. Besides, why should I care in the case of a girl who would permit such an outrage?"

"It was an oversight with me. I did not notice that your dance was the fifth. I only knew that your name was on the card."

"Your defense is only what I expected. Don't trouble yourself about the matter. I shall not think of it again."

"You are very unkind."

"Till this matter occurred I was more than kind."

"Yes. You were very nice to me."

"If you prized my attention, why did you treat me with such rudeness?"

"Believe me, it was unintentional on my part. I didn't see the change made—and—and—" (Tears.)

The tide having turned, Mr. Wales turned with it. From brutality he softened into forgiveness, and when the two parted it was with a kiss.

The same evening Vedder came into Wales' room and said:

"Thanks, old man, I see how it's done. Now I want you to do the same thing for me that other fellow did for you. At the ball tonight rub my name off Ida Blessing's card and put your own on. I'll work your game with her."

"All right. I hope you'll succeed."

During the evening the substitution was made, and the girl sailed away in the next dance, not knowing of the trap that had been set for her.

A few days later Vedder went to Wales, and it was evident from his physiognomy that there was trouble on his mind.

"Well," asked Wales, "how did your scheme work?"

"Work? I got my walking papers. She said she had always supposed I was a gentleman, but since she had discovered that I was not she didn't care for any further acquaintance with me."

"I told you," said Wales, "that you never can tell what kind of game will win."

HENRY PRIESTLEY.

## INSOMNIA

"I have been using Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented to be."  
—Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

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**Cascarets**  
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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP  
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